

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME X. No. 13

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

DECEMBER 23, 1919

LEND A HAND NUMBER

The Torches.

A LEND A HAND STORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

"A W—what's the use?"

"Baseball club's good enough for me."

"Can't do anything much—not worth-while things—yet. Just wait till I can be a Scout. You'll see!"

"Lend a Hand Clubs are for girls, anyway—just to sew, and knit, and such things, aren't they?"

It was a meeting of the boys of one class in a church school. They wanted to organize, and some one had suggested that they become a club of the Lend a Hand Society. They were talking it over—and talking fast.

Ted Barnes answered the last question. "Not much!" he said. "Edward Everett Hale started it. He didn't make it a girl's affair."

The mention of the great man sobered the boys for a moment. They knew how worth-while that life had been.

"We could call it the Hale Club."

"I know a big class of young men called the Hale class," volunteered the youngest of the group, familiarly known as "Shorty."

But big, rough, rather unruly Sam Scott protested. "Roosevelt Club for me! Nothing sissy about that! He was a fighter, and so am I."

There was a large appeal in that name to the thirteen boys in the group. The suggestion might have carried had any one but Sam made it. Boys who live in a Christian atmosphere in their homes, their church, and their church school resent a low standard of conduct. Sam was in the class, and might have been a leader in his group; but the boys knew he wanted to lead in the wrong direction.

It was Tom Brainerd, one of the thoughtful boys, and the best pitcher on the ball team, who brought order out of the chaos of talk that followed Sam's remark.

"It seems to me," he said, "that a club in our church school ought to be different some way; it ought to show what we stand for, what we are trying to do, instead of sounding as if it meant politics, or athletics, or anything like that."

In the instant of quiet which followed Tom's words a gentle voice spoke: "I know a fighter who believes in the Lend a Hand."

It was Miss Winton, the teacher of the class. In their plans for a club her part was only to suggest and guide while the boys decided things for themselves.

"He didn't fight in the war, although he went to the front to help," she went on. "He has fought ice and snow and cold and darkness. He has battled with ignorance and prejudice and disease. He loved boats and sports, as a boy, as much as you do. He has been in every sort of adventure and peril. He has lived far from his native land in order to help those who needed just what he could do for them."

"I know," said Ted, promptly. "It's Dr. Grenfell, isn't it?"

"Yes, Grenfell of Labrador," answered Miss Winton. "He has carried a torch into a very dark part of the world, and helped us all to know that a true Christian is one who does something for others."



"On Saturday busy, careful hands potted the plants."

It looked for a time as though the new club would be the Grenfell Club, though some still wanted it named for Dr. Hale. One word Miss Winton used had set Tom thinking.

"Let's be a Lend a Hand Club and call ourselves 'The Torches!'" he exclaimed suddenly.

"Yes, and our leader can be the Torch-leader," said Ned.

"And the other officer we could call the Torchlighter," cried another.

It was soon done, and the Club began its work. There were enough ways to help for active youngsters with a will to find them. Their interest in Dr. Grenfell made them think first of all of the hospitals, especially of those in which wounded soldiers and sailors were cared for.

"If you were there, what do you think you would want?" asked Ted.

"Something good to eat," said Shorty. The rest approved.

"They have that now," said Miss Winton. "I wonder—could we think of something that isn't just a physical need, that would help the man himself, while trained workers try to build up his broken body? Our religion might speak that way, you know."

For a minute the suggestion seemed to take the boys beyond their depth, and nothing was said. Then, to the surprise of all, Sam Scott made a good suggestion.

"If I were a wounded soldier I'd want something to make me laugh," he said.

"They say the men joke and make light of it when they are hurt," added Tom Brainerd, the leader, "but it may not be so easy months afterward, in hospital."

So it was decided that they would make joke-books—light and easy to hold. Post-card size was chosen; jokes were pasted or typewritten on both sides of the card, and fifteen cards were punched and loosely tied together to make each book.

"I saw by the paper last night," said Jack Turner as they worked, "that potted plants were wanted for the Marine Hospital at Chelsea."

"We can get some from our conservatory," said his chum. "Come over Saturday, all of you, and we'll get some ready and take them over with the joke-books."

So on Saturday busy, careful hands potted the plants. The boys wondered, as they worked, about the wounded men. They were "Torches," too, letting their light shine—the light of sacrifice for great ideals.

"Something to look at and something to laugh at," said one, when plants and books were ready for delivery.

"Small beginning," grumbled Ted; but he changed his mind when he saw the joy of the Jackies over the visit of the club members and their offering.

His words, however, had set the older heads planning.

"We must earn some money," said one of the group. "What can we do, all together?"

The men of the church were soon to give a sociable, and that seemed a good time for the boys to start their venture. Mothers and sisters were asked to help in making candy, and more was secured from the stores to sell on commission. One bright lad suggested a guessing contest. So a small bottle was filled with corn, and people paid five cents for a guess on the number of kernels. A two-pound box of candy was given the most successful guesser.

"Ten dollars!" they exclaimed when they had counted the contents of their cash box. Great was the excitement, and many proposals were offered as to the use to make of the money. Out of the clamor of voices the Torchbearer brought order, demanding a motion. It was finally achieved, after several attempts.

"I move that we give half, and keep half to help us earn more money." This was carried. The gift went to "Friendly House," which the church maintained as its work in social service.

With Miss Winton's help a room suitable for shop work and club meetings was secured. There the Torches met, spending happy hours making toys and useful articles to sell. Many were skilful in the use of tools, which the parents and other adult members of the church gave them to use. Their little fund bought wood and other needed materials.

"Hooray!" called Shorty, one day, holding up a wooden doll jointed with wires so that arms, legs, and head would move, which he had just finished. "Think that will sell?"

"Sure," answered Ted. "Little folks will like those all right. See my automobile."

With metal sections furnished at a supply house, with a book of designs for building a number of articles, Ted had constructed one of the most difficult toys of all. It was really a fine achievement for a lad of his years, and won hearty approval. Three others were working together on "Model" airplanes and "gliders," from directions in "Harpers' Aircraft Book." The smaller lads were making the "Bible Book Shelf" and wooden block books, graded to suggest the comparative size of the books of the Bible, as the class offering to the school as a whole.

"That's a good way for the Torches to let their light shine," said Miss Winton.

"We like our class better now that we are organized as a club, and doing things, and have the shop," said Shorty.

"It ought to make our religion more real to us," said Miss Winton. "Jesus was a carpenter, you know, and worked in a shop as you do, and knew what it was to smell the wood, to finish a job and get tired doing it."

"Why, that's so! I knew it, but I never realized it before." Tom looked thoughtful as he pushed the shavings about with his foot. "I'll read up about that when I go home. It's in the lesson for next Sunday."

The boys surprised even themselves with the sum received from their sale. In their gifts of the money, or what it could buy, you may be sure that their church, the work of Dr. Grenfell, and the Children's Mission were not forgotten. Part of the real service they rendered, though they did not know it, was the visits they paid to soldier friends in the hospitals to show them the articles they were making.

"It's queer," said Tom Brainerd one day to Miss Winton, when they were talking over class affairs, "Sam Scott seems so different since we've had our Lend a Hand Club and the shop."

"Indeed he is different," answered Miss Winton. "One helps himself as well as others, though he may not know it, when he determines to do his best to 'lend a hand.'"

Lend a Hand Motto.

Look up and not down!
Look forward and not backward!
Look out and not in!
Lend a hand!

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A Letter from Dorothy.

A MUSIC LESSON.

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

DEAR DADDY,—I've suspected for some time that you felt—though you were too polite to say so—that there were a number of rooms for improvement in your High School Girl! So I've determined to avail myself of those openings—a little bit, anyway—while you're on this trip that's threatening to keep you away from us such an intolerably long time! But don't worry, Daddy, lest I'll be so changed as to be unrecognizable, when you return! I'll be your own old Dorothy, still, but with modern improvements—I hope!

Well, for a beginning. Monday evening there was a big Union Temperance Meeting down at Tremont Temple. Everybody was going, so I went, especially as I'm very much interested in the success of Prohibition, on account of my Sunday-school class. Mother couldn't go, and Alice-Chum had a headache at the last minute, so I went alone.

The great Auditorium was crammed. I got there in good season, and sat on the floor, pretty well forward. There was a fifteen-minute song service—and "thereby hangs a tale"! The leader was a big man, with a regular roar of a voice; and he—well, Don would have said he had a "swelled head"! (Of course, I wouldn't use such an expression—especially when I am improving!) But you know what I mean. He began by striking an attitude with both hands high above his head—to arrest attention, I suppose. Then he gave out the first hymn, the organist sounded the opening chords, and he was off! Striding up and down the platform, shooting out first one arm and then the

other, then both; pointing an accusing finger at the folks on the floor, making threatening gestures at the lower gallery, and funny little dabs at the upper! I just watched him, spellbound—and scornful, until suddenly I realized that the woman on my left was pouring the tune right into my ear, in a voice like our old "community" bluejay! And on my right a woman thought she was singing alto, but it was soprano, an octave below! And behind me a man was roaring, a mile off the key! And in front of me a benevolent-looking old gentleman was singing through his nose!

I was wondering if I could stand it for ten or twelve minutes longer, when I felt a small but emphatic nudge between my shoulder-blades. I turned, and there was little Mrs. Mabery, almost just right behind me! You know she can't sing a note, but she does love music so! She poked me again, even though she had my undivided—for the moment!—attention, and I was looking her straight in the eye.

"Sing, child, sing!" she exhorted in a stage whisper. "What *are* you thinking about, *not* to sing when you *can* sing!" And, Daddy, she poked me again. I don't think she knew it, though—but I did!

Daddy, you may just believe that I sang—every stanza of that hymn, and the next, and the next, on to the last note of the last one! I absolutely forgot all about the singers to the right of me, singers to the left of me, singers behind me, and singers in front of me, volleying and thundering! I even forgot the showy-off conductor! And I just thoroughly enjoyed that song service!

At the close of the last hymn, the woman at my left turned to me and said: "You sing as though you loved to sing—just like I do! Ain't it a joy to be able to use our voices for the Lord!"

"Yes!" I said. And I meant it!

You know Don tells of one boy at English High who is "great on doing the heavy standing-round"! That's just what I was doing, wasn't it, Daddy? But I won't again. "Here endeth the first lesson." (Is that irreverent?)

Goodnight, my Daddy!

Your DOROTHY.



THE TEN TIMES ONE CLUB OF CHRIST CHURCH (UNITARIAN),
DORCHESTER, MASS.



AMERICAN BAND LEND A HAND CLUB, MARLBORO, MASS.



"We are learning to Lend a Hand, too."
LITTLE CHILDREN'S GROUP OF THE AMERICAN BAND.

"Lend a Hand."

BY FRANCES HARMER.

"W E'RE going to cut the hay on the hillside to-day," said Farmer Brown, at breakfast, "and that's the last."

Benny, who was just five, clapped his hands. "Then we'll have a pitnit?" (He meant "picnic," but he did not speak very plainly.)

"No, sonny, not to-day," Mother answered gently.

"Why?" (Benny meant "why not.") "Mother has to lend a hand to Mrs. White, who has been so ill, and can't do her own work yet." (Mrs. Brown believed in explaining, when you could.) "Now go out into the sand-pile and play."

Benny went very slowly. He was thinking over his mother's last words. She was going to "lend a hand." But when Mrs. White gave it back, how would she fasten it on again?

He dug a hole in the sand, but no answer came to him. He dug a second hole, and that suggested another dreadful thought. Suppose some other neighbor should get sick—and mother lend the other hand? Then wouldn't she have any?

Benny couldn't bear the thought. He ran indoors. Mother was mixing bread, and he saw she took both hands to do it. What would they do for bread when she had lent one of them?

"Muvver," he said earnestly, "don't do it?"

"Don't do what, Mother's boy?"

"Don't lend a hand."

Mrs. Brown had finished her mixing by now, and was covering her bread to rise again before she made it into loaves.

She looked down at her little son, smiling.

"Benny boy," she told him, "our hands were given us to lend. I want you to lend yours, when you're a little older."

"Benny won't," he answered firmly. "Benny wants two hands, always—all the time."

Then Mother understood. She went to the sink and washed her hands, and then came back to Benny.

"When you lend a thing, Benny, you always have it back."

"But how do you put it back on your arm?"

"I don't take it off, Benny. I lend the work of my hands—that's all. I shall sweep Mrs. White's rooms, and wash her dishes, and make the beds. That's lending a hand. Listen, sonny," she lifted him on her lap, as she sat down in the low chair, "do you remember when the poor cat came along, with a can tied to its tail?"

"I 'member," Benny nodded.

"And you ran for the scissors for Mother to cut the string?—Mother lent a hand, and you lent a hand, to help the poor creature and make things right for her again."

"Oh," said Benny, who now began to understand. "So that's all!"

He wanted to think it out, so he jumped down and ran back to his sand-pile. He

grew so interested in a house with towers that he soon stopped thinking about anything else.

Presently his mother called him and told him he might go with her part of the way to Mrs. White's, and carry the lunch to Daddy, too. Daddy met them at the fence and took his lunch, and then told Benny he might play about a little and Mother could call for him as she came back.

Benny had a good time. It was so nice to stand and watch the men cut. (On this hillside they used the old-fashioned scythes.) So nice to walk over the smooth, clean places! So nice to lean against a big pile of the cut grass!

Then he heard a cry, or rather a squeak, and went to see what it was. He saw a tiny field mouse in some trouble, for she did not run away, but squeaked at him, as if he could help her.

"She wants me to lend a hand," thought Benny.

But by that time the mouse had decided she had better go away. Benny went after her, but she was too quick for him. And all of a sudden, Benny stubbed his toe, went over into a hole and began to cry.

No one heard him. His father and the two men were not now in sight; they were just around the hill.

He tried to get up, but his foot hurt, and the hole was deep—up to his waist, and the sides were slippery.

"I want a hand," Benny called. "I want some one to lend me a hand!"

And then some one did. A little girl who had stayed to play after bringing her father's lunch heard his cry and ran to him. She was big, nearly eight, and she lent a very strong little hand and pulled him out.

"It hasn't hurt your hand, has it?" asked Benny.

"No," said the little girl, smiling. "You come and play with me."

They had a beautiful time till Benny's mother came back, with some nice, homemade molasses candy.

"Give her some," cried Benny. "She lent me a hand."

When he got home, he said, "But it doesn't hurt a hand to lend it."

"No," said Mother, "I think it makes the hand better, every time."

"Then I'll lend mine always," decided Benny.

New Year's Music.

BY AGNES MILLER.

ON New Year's Eve the clock strikes up on the old town hall,
Twelve silver notes foretelling the gladdest year of all.

On New Year's Eve the bell rings, high in the schoolhouse tower,
A noisy, merry greeting to hail the first new hour.

On New Year's Eve the chimes play, within the belfry gray,
A solemn, joyful chorus to bless the new-born day.

Yet sweeter is the music that on the air is borne
From singing hearts of children who welcome New Year's morn!



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

1 ELM AVENUE,
LEXINGTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am already a member of the Beacon Club, but I have so much fun trying to work out the enigmas that I have made one up which I am enclosing.

We still have the same minister, Mr. Wilson, but my Sunday-school superintendent and teacher are changed. The new superintendent's name is Mrs. Matthews, and my teacher's name is Mrs. Barbour.

A club to which I belong, entitled the Sunshine Club, gave a play over to our church for the

benefit of the Children's Hospital. We have been asked to repeat it after a church supper for the entertainment part of the supper and which we are going to do.

Hoping my enigma will be accepted, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

ELEANOR TILTON.

2210 PARK PLACE,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Louisville, and our preacher's name is Mr. Akin. Mrs. Akin is his wife and she is our Sunday-school teacher.

Hoping you will take me as a member, I close.

Your little friend,

VIRGINIA EDDIE.

Our Lend a Hand Clubs.

THE pictures in this number of *The Beacon* represent a few of the many Lend a Hand Clubs in our church schools. Quite unusual in its membership is the American Band Lend a Hand Club at Marlboro, Mass., since in its membership of more than one hundred and fifty the youngest is three years old and the oldest eighty-two. It started with fifteen children eleven years old or younger, who began early in 1918 to do Red Cross work. Older people were soon interested to help, and now there are members from all the churches in the town. Their report in January last showed that they had made and distributed 5,685 articles and disbursed \$200 for war relief and charitable purposes. The little children, some of whom are seen in the lower section of the picture, did their part, making patchwork and helping in other ways. A regular dressmaking class was established this autumn, and much interest is taken in Cheerful Letter work. May this fine Club keep up its enthusiasm and find as much work to do now as it did in war-time.

The group of boys potting plants is part of the Follen Lend a Hand Club at East Lexington, Mass. The appeal they were answering was from the Head Nurse at the Marine Hospital in Chelsea, where there are Government patients—some discharged Army and Navy men, Merchant Marine seamen, the Coast Guard, and some foreign sailors. She felt that having potted plants in the wards would give a more cheerful and homelike look. The Editor of *The Beacon* is indebted to the work of this Club for some suggestions in the story in this number; and for the name of the Club and its officers to an organized class of boys in our church school of the First Unitarian Church at Lynn.

Our group of happy girls keeps the number with which Dr. Hale first represented the power of multiplication in well-doing. It is the Ten Times One Club at Christ Church (Unitarian) in Dorchester. These busy fingers are knitting wristers and socks, making comfort pillows and bags for women of the war-devastated lands. From this Club the members at a certain age graduate into the larger Lend a Hand Club of the church, so that the

Ten Times One Club will never grow up, but will always be a club of girls.

There are many, many Lend a Hand Clubs in our Unitarian churches and church schools, and it would be a pleasure to tell something here about them all. If you want to know about them read the leaflet published monthly by the society. You will like to know that the largest Lend a Hand Club in the world, the one at Davenport, Ia., was started a dozen years ago by three girls, and now has twenty-three hundred members. A membership campaign last year added more than eleven hundred members in six days. They have on hand \$200,000 with which to build a clubhouse for use of the girls in Davenport; in campaigns of various sorts they contributed more than \$25,000 to war work, sent \$1,100 raised by a metal offering for a Red Cross Ambulance for France, and last summer leased thirty-five acres of land for five years for a recreation camp for girls, raising also the \$3,000 necessary to finance it. To tell of the work of this Club would be a story in itself. It shows how great a work may grow from small beginnings when ability and enthusiasm are put into it.

Some of our readers know the capable superintendent of the Lend a Hand Society, Miss Annie F. Brown, who by her devotion to the work adds new clubs every year to the Society, extends its plans, shows opportunities for service, and makes the central office at 101 Tremont Street, Boston, a desirable place to visit. She does much, with the other officers, to perpetuate the work of Dr. Hale, the Founder. If you want to start a club or learn of larger opportunities of helpfulness for one to which you now belong, write to Miss Brown at the above address.

Do we not all feel what Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell of Labrador expressed in a letter to the Society? He said:

"God bless your Clubs—it's the true religion of Jesus Christ. There's any amount of sham Christianity; it won't stand. Following Christ means lending both hands and legs. . . . The hands and legs of love go all the world over."

Then he adds: "My love to the Lend a Hand." So says the Editor, and I am sure many readers, also, of *The Beacon*.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXV.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 19, 20, 13, 7, is a vegetable.
My 5, 8, 1, 22, is a fruit.
My 16, 17, 18, 27, is an animal.
My 14, 15, 21, 10, is a boy's nickname.
My 25, 22, 23, 24, 25, is fear.
My 28, 2, 12, 4, 11, is form.
My 9, 3, 21, is pale.
My 6, 26, 9, was used at Christmas.
My 28, 7, 20, 9, makes winter sport.
My whole is a friendly message.

J. W.

ENIGMA XXVI.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 2, 18, 25, 16, is what we do when tired.
My 21, 13, 15, 19, is a preposition.
My 2, 6, 12, 14, 9, is what a bell does.
My 23, 3, 10, 17, is an insect.
My 4, 11, 7, 8, is the opposite of short.
My 1, 5, 24, 21, 13, is being by yourself.
My 26, 22, 20, is the wireless call for help.
My whole is a well-known proverb.

EDITH LAWRENCE.

HIDDEN CITIES (FOREIGN).

1. Disturb not the dog's nap lest he bite you.
2. He wore a mien sad and gloomy.
3. I like better here than over there.
4. May Douglas go with me?
5. He does wrong in spite of all I may say.
6. I own nine vehicles.
7. May I hold the baby longer?
8. I fear change less than they.
9. We gladly accord ovations to our soldiers.
10. I do, madam, as custom requires.

B. A. C.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A substance used for seasoning.
2. The measure of surface.
3. Not so much quantity.
4. A lesson or duty to be done.

TWISTED TREES.

- | | |
|------------|-----------|
| 1. Apmel. | 7. Pelap. |
| 2. Mie. | 8. Hcpae. |
| 3. Chbri. | 9. Erpa. |
| 4. Mokehc. | 10. Ifr. |
| 5. Eurspc. | 11. Umlp. |
| 6. Iepn. | 12. Hbec. |

ROBERT P. UTTER, JR.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 11.

ENIGMA XXI.—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
ENIGMA XXII.—In God we trust.

A GEOGRAPHICAL STORY.—1. My friend was Helena. 2. She took some oranges. I took a turkey. 3. We took some sandwiches. 4. They were fishing for cod. 5. It got rainier. 6. It got very chilly (Chile). 7. Our friend was Virginia. 8. We were as gay as canaries. 9. We decided to roam in the hills (Rome). 10. We saw some tame lions (Lyons). We also saw a snake. 11. We had to bid farewell. We parted with good hope for more fun.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, Editor

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive

PUBLISHED BY

The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from

104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
570 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 50 cents.



Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1918.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON